

The perishing people in bondage held fast,
Or rising in savage impatience.

The Primate of Russia, in soul and in mind,
The teachings of George well applies
In showing the fetters that everywhere
bind,
And weaken man's best enterprise.

With voice as of trumpet the truth is de-
clared.

Will the wakening Slav lead the way?
The soil of the nations world-wide is pre-
pared.

Shall righteousness never have sway?

With the doom of the Great Iniquity
wrought

By conscience's quickened decision,
Mankind will progress to marvels un-
thought,
Foreshowing conditions Elysian.

Which race shall be foremost in gaining its
own,

Upholding strict justice unbuffed;
Seating, forever, the Truth on the throne—
Condemning the Wrong to the scaffold?

D. D.

Landlords are God's trustees—to re-
ceive and administer the earth and
its bounties. These receivers inti-
mate that the Creator of the universe
is a bankrupt, and can pay but a few
cents on the dollar of his obligation
to furnish a place to live and work for
the creatures He has made. But no-
tice what a rake-off the receivers have.
Isn't it time to inquire into the valid-
ity of their appointment?

BOOKS

JOERN UHL.

This novel, by Gustave Frenssen, was published three years ago in Germany, where it has been widely read, and has been hailed by many as a genuine classic. The translation by F. S. Delmar (Dana Estes & Co., Boston, pp. 416, \$1.50) was published in this country in April of the present year. The translator's work has been so well done that nowhere would one suspect the book of being a translation if he did not know it to be one. The occasional use of Scotch expressions is happily justified to suggest the provincial and rustic atmosphere of the story.

The scene is laid in Holstein, North Germany. The time is the last half of the nineteenth century. The people are farmers and their humble associates. The book tells the story of the fourth son of one of these farmers. "In this book," says the first sentence, "we are going to speak about life, and life's travail and trouble." This is what it does. It gives a picture, which you feel to be genuine, of a man's life. The life is full of trouble, as all lives are that are worth living, and it is triumphant, as only a

life of sorrows and failures can be. "Although his path," we read at the close, "led through gloom and tribulation, he was still a happy man. Because he was humble and had faith."

The book is one that constantly raises thoughts about the deep things of life. Gustave Frenssen until recently, was a Lutheran pastor in a little German village. He is now devoting himself to literature, having said some things in such a way as to displease the unco-orthodox, but the earnestness of the preacher has followed him from his pulpit to his books. There are many earnest bits of speculation and philosophy that he puts into the mouths of his honest, simple, homely characters. One of the best of his people is Wieten Penn, the housekeeper, one of those faithful, unselfish souls that are a blessing to any household. In Joern's despondency she said to him:

"There lies a mystery behind this life of ours. We don't live for the sake of this life, but for the sake of the mystery behind it."

"Yes, Wieten," he says, "there you're right. What you say about the mystery I believe is right. But I don't believe we'll ever find it out or solve it. It's like a man trying to leap over himself. Man just remains man, the same as an ash remains an ash, and our ignorance and blindness in these things goes without saying, just because we are men. For all I know, the secret is open, broad, and living, and is here, lying or standing, laughing or weeping, all around about us. But we have no organ or sense by which to see or hear it."

"Maybe, maybe," she said, sadly and thoughtfully; "but we must just go on working away till evening falls, and always be as kind and loving as we can."

"Right, Wieten. That's in the New Testament."

"What? That's in the New Testament? What does it say, then, about the secret?"

"Well, as far as I can make out, Wieten, it says we won't get behind it here. But we're to have faith that everything has an aim and an inner meaning. And afterward, after death, we'll get on a bit further, and come behind the secret, and see things, not as they appear, but as they are."

"Well, well! And that's what Christ says! It astonishes me. And it must be as you say. But from a child I've always been so hungry for knowledge. I always wanted to know what was the real meaning of this life of ours. I remember when I was in service with Joern Stuhr in Schenefeld I never did anything but try to fossick it out. But we could never find anything. And then Hans Stuhr got drowned in the Mergel Kuhle."

The translator in his preparatory

note tells how the book has touched the heart of, and speaks for, a great part of modern Germany. Another quotation is interesting as showing how land-hunger is felt by a part of this modern Germany—the lower farming class, and how literature is beginning more and more to take account of it. Jasper Cray is one of this class.

"Joern," he said, "what does it say in the New Testament? Of course, you don't know! No; you Uhl's don't know. It says that every 50 years all property must be divided and allotted afresh. You Uhl's have been too long there on that land of yours. We Crays ought to have a turn on you—broad, flat acres. . . . Look, Joern, if you open your mouth to the west wind, and gulp in as much as you want to live on, there's not a soul will say to you, 'Hey, be off, there, that's my wind.' But if you set yourself down somewhere or other, and in the sweat of your brow begin turning over as much land as you need in order to fill the bellies of yourself and your children, then men will say, 'Be off from there; that's my land!' Both lungs and stomach, Joern, have got from God the right to be filled."

The book is not to be set down with ordinary novels. It belongs, at least, in the class with the greatest. It is original. It follows no novels. Its style is well-nigh perfect in its simplicity. It writes itself, without apparent consciousness of style and rhetoric. Now and then comes a figure of speech, but it seems as natural as one of Homer's. Like this: "But he never had a chance of enjoying his happiness. He drank of it, as a stag fleeing before the hunters kneels down in haste on the edge of a brook, and then, its thirst half-quenched, has to rush off once more at the sound of horns and hounds growing nearer." The description of the battle of Gravelotte, which critics have praised, ranking it with Victor Hugo's picture of Waterloo, is wonderfully vivid; but, just because the art here seems more-conscious, it is not the best writing in the book. And one or two digressions seem carried too far. But in everything the author has his own way, and we surrender to the originality of his genius.

J. H. DILLARD.

MUNICIPAL TRADING.

An unfamiliar term on this side of the Atlantic, "municipal trading" is in common use in England as a name for the policy of supplying private needs through municipal agencies. Nominally, this policy makes no distinction between such trading functions as are in their nature monopolies and such as are not; but in actual experience the difference is pronounced, monopolies being almost exclusively meant. Writing on the subject, in "The Common Sense of Municipal Trading" (London: Arch-

bald Constable & Co., Ltd.), that always delightful author, Bernard Shaw, makes a socialistic argument in support of the policy.

Mr. Shaw contributes to this work two of his qualifications for the delightful playwright that he is—charming literary style and superficiality of treatment. In many respects superficiality is a genuine merit, for what is needed is for the most part not profound argument, but vital presentation, and this little book is really almost as interesting as a historical novel. One is astonished at times at the author's woolly analyses, as when he fails to see the economic identity of private ground rent and interest on ancient public debts. Both are only different governmental modes of taxing some persons for the benefit of others; yet Mr. Shaw identifies the former with land and the latter with capital. He points unerringly, however, to the special difficulty of the "housing" question, when he refers to "the extraordinary manner in which the question of cost price is complicated by the phenomenon of economic rent," and expresses a tremendous truth, but one which brings forth only a slight echo from his own economic philosophy, when he describes the phenomenon of economic rent as "that rock on which all civilizations ultimately split and founder."

Referring to the same subject farther on, he insists upon the admission "that until the municipality owns all the land within its boundaries, and is as free to deal with it and build upon it as our ground landlords are at present, the problem of housing cannot be satisfactorily solved." If Mr. Shaw were to consider the economic effect of making each parcel of land within the municipal boundaries subject to annual taxes approximately equal to its ground rent possibilities, he might realize that the problem of housing would satisfactorily solve itself without our making a landlord of the municipality.

But apart even from the advantages of that realization, Mr. Shaw, as might be expected of him, makes a dry subject interesting and a dark one luminous when he discusses municipal trading. His conception of the London shopkeeper is one of his entertaining touches. "The small shopkeeper does not understand finance nor banking nor insurance nor sanitary science. The social distinction between him and the working class is so small that he clings to it with a ferocity inconceivable by a peer, and will concede nothing to a laborer that is not either begged humbly as a favor or extorted by force of trade minimum. A proposal to give women living wages instantly brings before him a vision of 'the girl at home,' encouraged in uppishness and asking another shilling a week." That is not a bad description of our own more or less "penniless plutes."

MAYOR JONES'S LETTERS OF LABOR AND LOVE.

These letters were written by the late Mayor Jones of Toledo to his workmen, and delivered to them in sheets with their wages. During his lifetime they were privately printed in a little volume for circulation among Mayor Jones's friends. Not until after his death was the idea of general publication considered. But they are now given to the public with an introduction and explanation by Mr. Jones's close friend, Brand Whitlock. Of course the spirit of brotherhood runs through them all. It expresses itself in many ways. Over and over its expression takes some such form as this: "If you know of any way or any plan by which the liberties of *all the men* employed in this shop may be enlarged, by which the conditions may be improved, we hope that you will kindly communicate this knowledge to us. As we said a year ago, you may feel perfectly free to write anonymously if you have any suggestions to which you do not care to put your name." Is it any wonder that Mayor Jones had the love of his brother workmen, or that his shop could, in spite of his expectations, underbid other shops for important work?—[Letters of Labor and Love. By Samuel M. Jones. With an introduction by Brand Whitlock. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.]

THE IMPENDING CRISIS.

This analysis of prosperity is a very faithful one. It is brief, pointed, clear and fundamentally sound.

Of course it deals with the subject of government, for we find government related in some way to the common understanding of prosperity; but the author places the idea of government on a higher plane than is usual with governmentalists. No system of government, he says, can have a permanent existence without justice as its primary conception. And as justice implies liberty, or equality of rights, privilege is an anomaly in government. His ideal of government is one which maintains conditions of "free land, free trade and free men."

The author's economic philosophy is a delight in comparison with the incoherent miscellany that usually passes for economic philosophy. On the subject of interest, however, while he is clear and strong he is incomplete; for, although he very justly distinguishes interest from usury, and attributes interest to the element of time, he does not explain why or how time produces interest.

But he leaves nothing to be desired on other economic points, either in substance or in method of presentation. He explains the conflict of labor and

capital by showing that "capital is divorced from labor because labor is divorced from land;" that "a tax upon imports is virtually a tax upon exports;" that public revenues can be raised in only two ways—"by a tax on land or by a tax on labor;" that "labor is taxed wherever the products of labor are taxed;" and that exchanges of wealth are in the last analysis exchanges of labor. The presentation of the money question, also, is an excellent piece of work.

The author's thrust at hypocritical employers' unions is well put and well deserved. Of them he writes: "Their suggestions, summed up, amount to saying: 'Yes, I believe that stealing is wrong, but please do not stop me from stealing; I believe in the equality of all men, but please do not make me equal with other men by taking special privileges from me.'"—[The Impending Crisis, or Prosperity Analyzed. By George Whichelle. New York and Washington: The Neale Publishing Company. Price, \$1.00.]

BOOKS RECEIVED.

—The Preparation of Manuscripts for the Printer. By Frank H. Vizetelly. New York and London: Funk & Wagnall's Company. Price, 75 cents net. To be reviewed.

—The Changing Order. A Study of Democracy. By Oscar Lovell Triggs, Ph. D. Series I. Chicago: The Oscar L. Triggs Publishing Co. Price, \$1.50 postpaid. To be reviewed.

—Civics; Studies in American Citizenship. By Waldo H. Sherman. New York and London: Macmillan. This book, "for students who have at least reached high school age and are ready to work out thoughtfully and independently, political problems," seems admirably adapted to the purposes of education in the details of American citizenship. One part is a text book, while another is a guide for practical experiment. Its comprehensiveness and accuracy make it useful for reference as well as study.

PAMPHLETS

Readers of Tolstoy's "Great Iniquity" who infer from it that the single tax movement has lost ground in England will be interested in reading the address of Charles Trevelyan, a leading Liberal member of the British Parliament, on Land Taxation and the Use of Land (No. XX. of Coming Men on Coming Questions, edited by W. T. Stead, London), in which Mr. Trevelyan illuminates an able discussion of the subject as a burning political issue, with information regarding its recent history. Mr. Trevelyan, who has been in Parliament since 1899, is the son of Sir George Otto Trevelyan, a nephew and the biographer of Lord Macaulay. He has taken a distinct lead in parliament on the question of the taxation of land values, is a single tax moderate, and a man of whom Stead remarks that "on all the great fighting questions he has always been found in the right place at the right